1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

taro which is not cooked in the bundles), and as she beats she tells how she did not want her son to marry because she thought he was too young, but how he did marry anyway. She appears amused with the incident, and tells it rather as a good story, showing no evidence of chagrin.

After about two hours or so of this lazy conversation, fourteen Ambwa women appear in the open clearing in front of the house where the infant now lies. They are gaily decorated with *kerapo* leaves stuck in their hair and in their armbands (*biuk*). Seven of the women belong to the Eagle moiety and seven to the Hawk, and they now do the *Kanduro* dance. It is a dance done in two-line formation; one line is made up of the Hawk women, and the other of the Eagle women. One Eagle woman (same moiety as the infant) leads the others in. She beats a bamboo pole with a stick and stands in front of the two lines of women and addresses the Hawk women in an angry tone: "You Hawk women have come. Now, we have no women. All the Eagle women have died. We have no Eagle men here either." This, I am told, is not true, and everyone knows it. It is just "talk play," a kind of polite depreciation, and is customary at this rite.

Then follows the dance. Maerabit, from Lesu, as usual plays the part of the jester, and rushes on the scene beating a drum, circles around the dancers, and goes through many absurd antics, maintaining a serious countenance at the same time. The effect is quite droll. She has a real sense of gaiety and rhythm in her movements. The audience greets her antics with loud shouts of appreciative laughter.

When the dance is over another group of women of the Hawk moiety, married to men of the clan to which the infant belongs, come on the scene, each carrying some food utensil. One by one they make a speech about the abilities of their husbands as food providers. One woman holds up a basket, saying: "My husband gets much food at

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

852 feasts. He fills up the basket with the food and gives it to me.
537 Then I eat." Another woman holds up a fishing spear and says: "My husband catches fish with his spear, then he cooks them and I eat." A third woman holds up a knife: "My husband works in the garden with his knife. Now I have planted banana trees. My husband cuts the bananas from the trees. Later I eat them." A fourth woman with no tool says: "My husband does not know how to work. He catches fish, but that is all. I cook them, and then I eat them." A fifth woman speaks: "My husband clears the ground and plants it. He fishes too." These are followed by two longer speeches. One speaks: "I am one person alone. I do not have a brother, and I do not have a mother. If I had a mother and a brother they would help me. But my mother has died, and so also has my brother died. Now if my husband were young he would work in the gardens as he did before, when he was young. In the past he would hunt the bush pig and kill one, and then I would eat pig. But to-day he is old; he sits in the house; now I do not eat pig. Enough, the man is old." After this lament another talks. "Yes, it is true that my husband is a worker. He plants the bananas, and then I cut the bananas from the tree. My husband, he goes fishing, but he does not give me a big fish. I never have the experience of eating big fish. It is always the small fish that are given to me. Now it is true that if I am sick he will plant the taro for me, and so also will he plant the bananas, and bring wood for the fire by the bed to keep me warm while sleeping, and so, too, will he bring me water to drink." This woman gives due credit to her husband for all his virtues, but she seems to have a slight grudge that he does not ever give her a big fish.

852 All this time, during the dancing and the speeches, the
431 ten or twelve men present are sitting some distance away. They look on and appear interested, but take no part. But as soon as the women have finished their speeches the

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

when preparing the food. Some of the food has been set aside for the dozen or so men who are present, and they and the young boys now eat together at a place some distance from the women. All of the turtle goes to the men, for no other reason, I was told, than that they like it. It is not taboo to the women. They, in the meantime, eat some of the food and put the remainder in the baskets, with the bundles of taro received from women of the opposite moiety. Then each woman lifts the heavy basket of food to her back, if she has a baby puts him on top of the basket, and trudges home. For those who came from Lesu the distance is three miles, and they arrive home as the sun is setting.

When the infant is born those wishing to give the child their name indicate their desire, and immediately the child will be known by the name, or names. But they will not be considered really his names until after the appropriate feast and exchange of *tsera* (currency) has been made. This occurs some time within the first two months after birth. It is a clan relative—a maternal uncle or aunt or grandmother—who gives the name.

About two and a half months after the birth feast just described a naming feast is held for the same infant, at which about sixty men and boys are present. Unlike most of the men's feasts, it takes place in the open compound of the hamlet, and not in the cemetery. The preceding day the women of Ambwa, assisted by a few from Lesu, cook the taro. The child's mother contributes the pig. Both the men —the maternal uncle and maternal grandfather—who give their names to the infant, have already given one *tsera* (shell currency) to the child, who (through his mother) has in return also given each of them one *tsera*. It is the usual reciprocal exchange. At the feast Kadua, an Ambwa man, makes a long speech, the gist of which is that this is a feast for the naming of the child. Kadua is no kin to

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

they pause and rest. The women tell me they weep because they fear the pain being inflicted upon their sons, who are themselves afraid. The women, other than the mothers, say that they are sorry for the mothers whose boys are now being circumcised, and that they dance in sympathy with them.

CIRCUMCISION

In the meantime the boys are being circumcised.[1] One hears no sound from the enclosure, and I was told that a piece of wood is put in the boy's mouth to prevent him from crying out. A father will hold his son steady while another man does the cutting, which is now done with a knife, but in the past with a stone instrument.

By the middle of the morning the men and women of Tagam are busy arranging the food in piles. All the women who danced during the night now return to Ponatlege with empty baskets. They stop and sit down just before they enter. This halt just before entering a place happens very frequently and appears to be an act of courtesy; the guests do not want to arrive before the hosts are ready. When the Tagam people have completed the arrangements of the food, the women enter Ponatlege, where the distribution is to take place.

SPEECHES OF WOMEN

Taro and coconuts are arranged in two piles on the ground. A group of Eagle women—all of them wives of the

[1] While I observed all the rites, I did not go into the enclosure to see the boys being circumcised, nor did I go inside the enclosure at any time while the boys were confined there, although it would have been possible for me to have done so. As the preceding description indicated, there was a decided grouping according to sex and a strained, hostile feeling between the men and the women. As I had been identified rather closely with the women, even to the extent of participating in one of the dances, I thought it would be unwise to swerve suddenly to the masculine group.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

men who are maternal uncles of the boys being circumcised —rush on the scene, carrying knives, fishing-nets, and other implements, and circle around one pile of food, which will later be given to the Eagle boys in the enclosure. Each in turn holds up the implement she carries and makes a speech.

One, holding up a hatchet: "With this hatchet my husband knows how to work in the garden. My garden has no trees or bushes in it, and I plant the taro. My husband plants the bananas. I cut them down with this hatchet. Now my husband's *tsringi* (her husband's sister's son) goes into the enclosure. I talk true to all you women and to all you men."

Another holds up a plate.[1] "You see this plate. My man goes fishing in the sea and catches many fish. Now I cook the fish in the saucepan, and then I drink it from the plate. Now I talk to all you women and all you men. By and by you will say, 'Ah, she is ashamed.'[2] I do not like to talk any more. My talk is finished."

Another holds up a basket used for catching fish. "My husband takes the basket and goes into the sea. He catches many fish. He brings them home. I eat plenty of fish. I eat bananas, but not so many of them. Now my husband's little *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. I do not hide anything from all of you. I talk true. I do not like to make a long speech. I have finished."

One, holding up a knife, says: "This knife belongs to the work in the garden. My husband takes the knife and cuts firewood with it. Now I, I am a woman, and am not strong enough to get firewood. I like to

[1] A few enamelled plates have been introduced by boys who have been away working on plantations. This woman is describing the making of soup, which has also been introduced with saucepans.

[2] The shame is for not talking truly.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

take it easy and not get the firewood. Now I talk true to all you women and to all you men. I talk because my husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. My speech is finished."

Another, holding up the blackened bones of a fish, states: "I am a woman and I like to eat fish. Suppose my husband likes to sleep, I say to him, 'You go out to the sea and catch some fish for me.' Suppose he is lazy. I talk strong, 'Ah, go catch fish in the big sea.' Suppose he is afraid because it is dar! I talk stronger, 'You go, catch fish!' Now he goes. To day my husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. I have talked true."

These women now withdraw. Up dance a group of Hawk women, who stand around the other pile of food, which will later be given to the Hawk boys who are within the enclosure. They in turn also hold up implements and make speeches.

Says one, holding up a spear: "My husband, he takes this spear and then with his dog goes into the bush. He catches a pig with the spear. Then all the men cook the pig. My husband brings part of the pig to me and I eat it. Now all you women, all you men, look at this spear. It is to catch pigs. I talk true. My husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure."

Holding up a basket, another says: "I want all you women and all you men to look at this basket. My husband, he eats at the feast in the cemetery. Then he puts taro in the basket and comes home with it and I eat. Suppose he takes a walk, he is given taro and puts it in the basket, and when he comes home we both eat. Now I want to talk true. My husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. I want to talk true. Now I have finished."

Another says, holding up a knife: "Look at this knife. I am a woman. My husband is lazy. He does not know

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

how to work. He is a man who does nothing. I do not know how to make speeches. That's all. My husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. I want to talk true. My husband, he strolls about; he does not work."

Laughter follows this speech, and I am told that the lazy husband has been shamed.

One, holding a banana stalk, says: "All of you look at this which holds bananas. My husband knows much about planting bananas. He plants them; later he picks and brings them into the house. Then when they are ripe I eat them. Now my husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. Now I have talked true."

Says one, holding up a piece of rope: "My husband used to catch fish and put them along this rope. But to-day he is old, and he no longer catches fish. So I, a woman, no longer eat fish now. I have finished talking. My husband's *tsringi* has gone into the enclosure. Now I talk true."

A few other speeches of a similar nature follow.

DISTRIBUTION OF CURRENCY AND FOOD

When the women have finished speaking and retired into the crowd, an old man, Lungow, of the Eagle moiety, stands up and holds out a branch of betel-nuts from which hang eight pieces of *tsera* (currency). This *tsera* was contributed by the mothers of the Eagle boys who are in the enclosure. First the old man sings[1] over it and then addresses the crowd. "Look at this *tsera*. This place (Ponatlege) has few men, and this *tsera* is enough for three men (only three men live in Ponatlege). Now all of you look at the betel-nut and the *tsera*. It is only a little for three men. All you men and

[1] This is a kind of ditty refrain occurring in the Tsenabonpil myth. I am unable to translate the song, the words of which are in an obsolete language.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

all you women have come up to Ponatlege; it is a new feast, the first one to be made at Ponatlege. To-day we make a feast. All of you look at the *tsera* and the betel-nut. Enough! One Hawk man, you take the *tsera*."

Buibui, a member of the Hawk moiety, walks up to Lungow and takes the *tsera* and betel-nut from him. It is distributed among the clan relatives of the Hawk boys being initiated—maternal uncle, maternal grandfather, mother, maternal nephew and niece. The father receives none.

Now up steps Sola, an important old man of the Hawk moiety. He also holds a stalk of betel-nuts with eight pieces of *tsera* hanging from it. He speaks: "You men and you women, all of us come to-day to Ponatlege where all the little boys are going into the enclosure. Now all of you look at this *tsera* and betel-nut, which I pay back to the Eagle people. I do not like to make a long speech. I have talked enough." Sola then hands over the *tsera* and betel-nuts to a man of the Eagle moiety, who gives it to the clan relatives of the Eagle boys who are in the enclosure.

Lungam then stands by a pile of taro and talks again.[1] "All you women of Ponatlege, Ponambwa, Simbelmalum, Ponemebatawa (all hamlets of Tagam) distribute the taro to all the women. Do not forget one woman nor one child. There is enough food for all. Last night all of them came and danced, and so you now give them food in return. When you have finished, we men will eat in the enclosure."

Now comes the distribution of the food by the people of Ponatlege, the parents of the newly initiated boys being particularly active. It is uncooked food, yams, taro, and coconuts, contributed by the women of Tagam—mostly by the mothers of the boys being circumcised—and is given

[1] Lungam and Sola are the speakers because they are important old men of their clans in Tagam and because they are good talkers. Oratorical ability, or lack of it, is readily recognized.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

and Mekeo and I are making these rites for the first time. All of you from Langania, all of you from Lesu, all of you from Ambwa, and two men from Lummasong have come. All of us have come at one time. There are many men here. When the *malanggan* is finished all of you will go back. We do not have many men at Ponatlege, three men and three women, that is all. I want to finish my speech. I do not like to make long speeches. I have finished." Now eight women who stand in the relation of father's sister to the boys (*Tomangaina*) walk up to them. The boys give them the taro and the pig's entrails, and each woman gives her *Tomangaina* a little tobacco and a half *tsera*. The mothers of the boys gave them the taro and pig's entrails which they have just handed to their *Tomangaina*. The latter now step back into the crowd.[1] The boys and men then dance, in silence. They turn, kneel slightly, turn about again, and this turn and kneeling motion is repeated six or seven times. Each man carries a stalk of the long grass, *Lil*, in his hand, and on their last turn he hurls his *Lil* in front of him as if it were a spear. This *Lil*[2] is supposed to be dangerous, and that is the reason most of the men and women ran for shelter when the dance was begun, and why those who did remain outside were careful to be out of reach of the shafts of this grass. It is believed that if it touches the skin sores will appear.

Sola, an important old man of the Sinimanbul clan, and the one owning the *Walik malanggan* now on display, stands up and talks. "Before, when I was a little boy, I lived in Tabar. I saw this *malanggan* there. Later I came to Lesu, but before I left Tabar I paid *tsera* to

[1] It is of interest to note that this is the first time in the rites that relatives on the paternal side have taken an active part, and that these women are of the same moiety as the future mates of the boys.

[2] The *Lil* is a species of *Graminae imperata*.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

881 778 537 my clan relatives to learn about this *malanggan*. Now I live in the hamlet of Simbelmalum. Now I have made[1] the *malanggan* and have brought it to Ponatlege. It is not good that later you will say, Sola he lied. No, it is true, I learned about this *malanggan* from my clan relatives. Mekeo wants this *malanggan*, and so I have given it to him. All of you men from Lesu, Ambwa, and Langania have another kind of *malanggan*. Mine is different from yours. That "bed" on which the two pigs are resting is the custom in Tabar. It is different from the kind of "bed" you make here. I cannot make a long speech. I am an old man. I have finished talking."

881 778 535 Now the men and the boys go inside the enclosure, where they sit on the ground around the walls facing the unpainted *malanggans*. The two roasted pigs are in front of it. Two men[2] stand up behind the *malanggan*, so that they are only visible from the waist up. One has a bird's beak in his mouth and a brightly coloured bird's tail in his hair. The other has a crown of feathers and also a beak in his mouth. Both men are wearing their *kepkep* (breast ornament). Their hands are clasped in back. They sway from right to left rhythmically. The men and boys who were doing the *Bumän* dance outside now continue with the same dance, and are led by the two swaying men. The boys drop out of the dance and sit down by the walls on each side of the enclosure. The men continue dancing and begin to sing also. The dance stops and they all sit down. Then Lungow (a member of the same moiety, but not of the same clan), who has been beating the *kolamuth*, speaks: "You see this *Kanda* (the stick with which he beats

881 778

[1] That is, he taught the carver how to make it.

[2] One of these two men is Mekeo, father of one of the boys. The other is a member of his clan. They perform their role in the dance because they know it, rather than because of their kinship to the boys.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

881 778 the *kolamuth*). When I was a little boy my grandfather gave it to me, and now I use it well. It is not good that you say, 'Who gave it to him?' Now you know; it was my grandfather who gave it to me." He sits down.

[302] Now four men come in, faces smeared with white lime, hair decorated with leaves, and carrying leaves and a shell rattle in their hands.[1] Silently they dance up to the *malanggan*. One hurls a stick, as if it were a spear, at the round enclosure in the centre of the *Kolebmur malanggan*, which represents a door and is called by that name, *mut*. When the stick hits it a plank behind falls down, leaving an opening. The stick is laid in the centre of the enclosure before the *malanggan*. The four men now sit down in front of the *malanggan* and sing. When they stop Lungow picks up a betel-nut from the ground in front of the *malanggan* and says, "This betel-nut belongs to the *Walik malanggan*." Picking up the betel-nut is a signal that the dancing is over and that the feasting will begin. If anyone should rise before this signal it is thought that some disaster would befall him; he might fall from a tree.

[262] Two young men bring in a baked pig and place it on the ground beside the *malanggan*. Two large bundles of baked taro and another pig are already there, and two other pigs are on top of the *malanggan*. All the pigs have been contributed by Sola, Mekeo, Lungow, and Lumaeris, the owners of the *malanggans*. Sola stands up, holding in his hands [293] the bird's beak (*Notinamaen*), the black wooden rattle containing pigs' teeth (*Tumba*), the headdress of feathers (*Bilut*), all used by the two men who had been swaying back of the 881 778 *malanggan*. He says: "You see the *kanda* (stick thrown at the 537 *malanggan*), the *notinamaen*, the *bilut*, the *tumba*: Now if I,

[1] These men are of different clans and moieties, but the one who hurls the stick is of the same clan as the man who is displaying the *malanggan*. The former says that his clan relatives taught him how to "shoot the door."

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

Sola, should die, then a younger man will talk as I do. Suppose someone should ask who taught him. He will answer that Sola has taught him. I have finished speaking." Each of the eight boys being circumcised walks over in turn to where Sola sits and puts some tobacco and *tsera* at his feet.

Then Lowni, owner of the *Kolebmur malanggan* being displayed, and who has sold it to Orlok, stands up and repeats in regard to his *malanggan* what Sola has just said. The eight boys now put tobacco and *tsera* at Lowni's feet.

Towni, owner of another *Walik malanggan*, being displayed, talks: "Before, when I was a little boy, I worked on a plantation and I did not know this *malanggan*. Then I learned about it from my *Tata* (maternal uncle). Now I have made it and give it to Pungoli, my *tsiringi* (maternal nephew)." The latter is one of the eight boys, and now gives *tsera* and tobacco to Towni.

Then the men contributing the pigs make the payments for them publicly, holding the *tsera* up in full view and announcing to whom and for what are they paying it, and then Sola makes a speech over the two pigs resting on top of the *malanggans*. He says: "All of you look at these two pigs. They have been sleeping on this bed on top of the *malanggans*, and therefore they are taboo. We will eat them here in the enclosure and finish eating them here. These other two pigs on the ground, we will eat half here and the remaining half will be taken out to the women. But these two pigs which have been on top of the *malanggan*, they must not be taken out to the women. I have finished talking." The *malanggans* are taboo to the women, who may not look at them. The pigs, evidently from their proximity to the *malanggans*, have also become taboo to the women.

Towni stands on top of the two taboo pigs and cuts them up. Two men act as waiters and distribute plates of leaves to all those present. The same ten men now advance as a unit, pick up taro, stand in front of the plates with it, and

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

585 583 a pig, refuses the payment which is offered her. She says that she wishes to give the pig without payment to her granddaughter's feast. Then Tsuros gives her pig to Pirau, and he pays her three *tsera* for it, and he gives his pig to Tsuros, who in turn pays him three *tsera*. This is the perfect reciprocal exchange, in which exact equals are the objects of the transaction.

585 537 When the distribution of the *tsera* has been completed, a group of *Kongkong* women from Lesu run on the scene, carrying knives, baskets, fish-nets, and other implements used in procuring food, and circle around the pile of food contributed by the *Telenga* people. Each of the *Kongkong* women in turn holds up an implement and speaks. One says: "With this knife my husband cuts down the bush and clears the ground for the garden. Then I plant in the garden, and after that we have much taro to eat."

Another speaks, holding a basket: "All the men eat pig, fish, and taro in the cemetery. Now, when my husband's stomach is full he puts the remainder of the food in the basket and brings it out to me to eat."

One, holding a fishing-spear, says: "Suppose I am hungry for fish: my husband goes out fishing, spears a fish, and later I eat it."

Holding a knife, another one says: "This knife, I work with it. My husband does not know how to work. He just strolls about all the time. I must do his work. It is I who have to mend the garden fence. It is I who clear the ground where the taro is to be planted. I work with this knife." Loud laughter from the audience! The laughter is directed against the lazy husband and not the woman. More speeches of this same nature follow.

When the *Kongkong* women have finished, four *Telenga* women run on the scene. They carry no implements of work, and they stand round the pile of food contributed by the members of Pirau's moiety. First Kokala, the mother of

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

585 537 Tsuros, speaks: "I am just one person. I have no brothers or sisters. I stand alone. If I had many clan relatives, there would have been much more food. The place would have been filled with food. You have seen that there are plenty of *Kongkong* women, but all my sisters (used in the classificatory sense) have died. I am one person, that's all. My *korup* (taboo) relative (referring to her new son-in-law, Pirau) is a young boy. (He is about seventeen.) Tsuros is also young. They have not been betrothed long. He has not yet brought plenty of food. I have not yet eaten bananas or other food which he should have brought."

Then Pulong, a classificatory sister to Tsuros, speaks: "Pirau has not given us much yet. Just a little fish and a little tobacco; but he has not been here very long. Suppose he stays a year longer, then I think he will give us plenty of food."

Strubi, a member of Tsuros' clan, follows, saying briefly: "Pirau has given me a little tobacco. Suppose he has been married a long time, he will give me much tobacco."

Tsangamor, another member of Tsuros' clan, holding up an axe, says: "With this axe, which I hold up, Pirau has cleared a garden for me, which later I planted. Pirau is young and has not been here long. After he has been married a long time he will bring me much food."

585 431 These women of the bride's clan have not taken advantage of the custom of speaking about their husband's ability to provide them with food, but instead have discussed the same quality in the man who is marrying a member of their clan. In the preceding chapter we noted how the man was expected constantly to make gifts, particularly food and tobacco, to his future wife's clan relatives. In this case Pirau the groom, is from another part of the island, and has only been in the village for about a year. His own clan relatives are far away. The last four speeches show very plainly what has been expected of him, and that he has not performed

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

437 birds sitting on the reef or in trees. The effect is really lovely,
535 and is much appreciated by the audience.

As soon as the dance is over there is a feast inside the
437 enclosure for the men, and one outside for the women. At
537 the men's feast there are three pigs and much baked taro. The bundles of food are opened up and served in the usual fashion by "waiters" on leaves. Then payments of *tsera* are given to Palou, the owner of the *malanggan*, and each man making the payment makes a short speech telling what the payment is for and how much it is.[2] After this Ongas, the Luluai from Lesu, makes a speech reciting the incidents leading up to the present occasion: how Foinbi came and asked them to make a *malanggan*; how they made it; how they have now been paid for it; and how Penguli can no longer make this particular *malanggan*. Throughout all the speeches the name of the hamlet of Penguli, and not that of the village of Lesu, is used.

487 In the meantime, while the men are eating and making payments and speeches, the women have their feast outside the enclosure in a manner peculiar to this *malanggan*. They sit in a square formation on the bamboo logs which have been laid on the ground to mark an enclosed space. Some are inside serving the food. Inside the square a little tree, *numales*,
[201] has been stuck in the ground, from which is hung a scraped, uncooked taro, painted with red stripes. This is a sign that the payments have been made. In the distribution of the food, pig and taro, the Lesu women take the lead, although most of the food comes from the women of Logagon. When the women finish eating, they stand up and circle around the square where they have been feasting, and sing.

437 For the next few days, after these preliminary rites, everyone is quite busy with preparations for the future rites. Very early every morning the women go to the gardens, which are

[1] This rite is called *Baummaen*.
[2] All the payments will be described in detail later.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

a long way off in the hills, and do not return until late afternoon, and every evening at sunset they rehearse their dances. One day, just before the final rites, the rehearsal of a rather complicated dance broke up amid much excited and rather angry chatter, because the dancing had not been well done.

The men are also busy rehearsing their dances, making masks, costumes, etc.

Four days after the preliminary rites were held the men from Tabar arrived. In the boat are Kanot, of Logagon, several young men, mostly his clan relatives, and a few young boys from Tabar.

After the pigs have been placed in a little shelter close to the enclosure and the people are all in the compound outside it, Muratz, one of the men arriving from Tabar and a clan relative of Kanot, stands up and talks. "Suppose," he says, "no one had come to Tabar to tell me about these rites, I could not have come. But Kanot came and told me, and so now I have come. Should all this have happened a long time ago, I would not have come here. For suppose I had come a long time ago, there would have been fighting and I would have died. (Referring to the wars in the past, when all strangers were possible enemies.) But now it is a good time, for there is no fighting.[1] I have brought a few pigs and I am quite ashamed of them. They are not large pigs, but only very small pigs. Suppose Kanot should have come and talked about many big pigs, then many big pigs would have been bought. But he talked only about little pigs, and so I have bought only little (few) pigs. Now I am very much ashamed of the little (few) pigs.

"Suppose the Luluai had come, he would have talked much better than I have. I am not an important person. I

[1] Many natives think that the abolition of warfare by the white Government is beneficial to them. In discussing it, they seem to appreciate particularly the freedom to move about among different peoples, who belong to other linguistic districts, without fear of war.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

437
537

am just an ordinary or "small" fellow. Now I have talked more than enough, and I am finished."

This speech is typical in its self-depreciation and its expression of shame over the smallness of the contributions. After Muratz finishes speaking everyone disperses and is busy with the preparations for a feast which will be held in the afternoon.

Late in the day the *kolamuth* is sounded for ten or fifteen minutes to call the men to the enclosure, where a small feast is to be held. The *malanggan* has been taken away and all the former decorations are gone.

When they have finished eating Poinbi stands up and talks. Translated freely, he says that he is cross with the men of Logagon because they are not helping him properly with *tsera*, etc. The men from the next village (in the direction of Kavieng) have assisted him materially, but the Logagon men have fallen down on the job. There is no retort to his charge, and it is expected that Kanot will also talk to the Logagon men later. Kanot's mother is a Tabar native and she still lives there. He spends his time between the two places, and likes particularly to stop on his mother's land. He indicates that he may go to Tabar to live, since the Logagon men have behaved so disgracefully.

After Poinbi finishes his speech four people come up and give him *tsera*. A little boy about four or five years old delivers the *tsera*. Then Poinbi gives the *tsera* which has just been given him to Palou. Another young boy is used to carry the *tsera* from Poinbi at one end of the enclosure to the other end where Palou is standing. There is always the formality of using a young boy as a messenger.

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The feast now begins. The pigs are cut and the food distributed by "waiters," as is the custom. A different leaf is used for a plate than is used at Lesu. While they are eating a man stands up, holding the bone of a pig, and announces that the final rites will be held in five days. (There has been

437
537

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

437 much discussion as to the day for holding these, particularly since the arrival of the Tabar men was delayed.) He then 537 calls out the names of all the Lesu men. The men continue eating, but at the same time Luna, an important old man of Poinbi's clan, rises and walks up and down, singing and speaking. He calls the name of a pig Loanga, the pig in the Tsenabonpil myth, which ate men. He says: "Palou has come with the *malanggan*, and as a razor cuts hair[1] so has Palou come and taken all the *tsera* in pay. This is Watlau's day. (Watlau is the name of the dead man for whom this *malanggan* is made.) He was an important man who lived some time ago. Now I am an important man belonging to the time of Watlau. This time to which Watlau and I belong is different from to-day. To-day is not the same kind of time as it was in the past. To-day there are not so many little pigs, or so much *tsera*. The days of the past are finished. To the time of Watlau belongs Nutmei (name of an important man who died a long time before)." Then the speaker walks around all the pigs, hits each one with his spear, and calls out the names of Oma, Maizip, Melung, Shalut, etc., all men from Muniwai, the next village, who have assisted in the payments for the *malanggan*. He talks at length on how poor they are now, but there is no self-pity. It is a statement of fact, combined with a certain amount of pride that they have paid so much. He thinks that later someone farther down the road will buy this *malanggan* from them in turn (or rather will buy the privilege of making it), and then they will be paid plenty of *tsera* and be rich again. The speech marks the conclusion of the feast.

437 Three days later the *malanggan* has been painted and placed in the special house within the enclosure, and that afternoon the men have a small feast there. Before the eating begins Poinbi solemnly and ritually hands over more *tsera* to Palou, and then, standing by the pile of food, makes a short speech,

[1] These natives know about razor blades.

1: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1933 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

437 morning they go to their gardens. Some find them intact,
484 while in others the pigs have wrought havoc, as was feared. They settle into the accustomed routine, and are obviously glad to be back.

437 Two days after the return to Penguli there is a feast to mark the occasion of cleaning the little house in which the *malanggan* was made. The chips of wood and other debris are carefully swept out of the house. There is sago for the feast, and the men are busy preparing it, while the women scrape the taro which will accompany it. The sago is shredded [252] until it is mealy, mixed with water and made into a loaf, similar to bread. It is then wrapped in leaves and baked in the *liga*. At the feast Ongas, the Luluai and orator, makes [537] a speech recounting all the past events—the making of the *malanggan*, taking it to Logagon, the rites there, and the payment for it, and now this marks the conclusion of the rites.

438 Almost three months have elapsed since Poinbi first came
556 to Penguli and made arrangements for the making of the *malanggan*. There has been much ritual dancing and feasts. Poinbi and his group have expended a great deal of wealth. He and his community are poor now, but he has honoured his dead relatives and acquired much prestige. Those who have helped him have also acquired prestige. The acquisition of the right to make the *malanggan*, which they bought from Palou, is also a financial asset, for eventually they will resell the right to make this *malanggan* to someone else and get all the wealth back which they have now laid out. Palou and his associates have lost the right to make the *malanggan*, but are rich. Eventually they too will use this wealth to buy the right to make a new *malanggan*.

438 A social and ceremonial undertaking has set a very large amount of wealth into circulation. The economic transaction has been on a communal scale, with two men acting as leaders, and the principle of everything (service or material

5: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1932 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

ing rites were given bundles of baked sago. The chief called out their names and the sago was given to them. This "marked" them as those who would sell pig for the future rites. The names of some women were called, and when the feast was over they came up to the cemetery to get their sago.

Gift Exchange

The feast is not only the time for payments and arrangements for future trading, but also for gifts. Usually not all the pigs are consumed at the feasts, and large portions, a head or half the body, will be presented to some one present. Sometimes this is a return gift for a present of half a pig which had been made six months ago, or perhaps it is a new gift to a man, who will return it at another feast. The gifts are always made ceremonially, the name of the recipient being called, and then the piece of pig is handed to him by one of the "waiters."

Discussion

At the end of the feast other matters of importance and current interest are discussed. If dance rehearsals are in progress, one man will make a speech exhorting the men to dance well and to practice rigorously. Or the chief may map out plans for a coming big feast, that is, when they will bring in the bananas to be buried in the sand,[13] when they will fish, what day the women will prepare the taro, etc. Or perhaps, as happened at one feast I attended, the weather was the subject of discussion. The rainy season (time of northwest monsoon) had begun, and for several weeks there had been a deluge of rain. Everyone was disgusted at having to slide about in the wet mud, and much more serious was the threatened danger to the taro crops. After the men had finished eating, the old and rather famous rain magician, Bullagot, made a long speech, encouraging the men and telling them that the excessive amount of rain was due to the magician of a neighboring village, but that he would counteract this by making his own magic to stop the rain. He was followed by other old men, all making speeches of a similar nature, exhorting people not to be downhearted, saying that Bullagot would stop the rain. The younger men listened and were impressed. It was not unlike a Biblical scene where the ancient prophets encouraged the people in a time of famine or other hardship.

Occasionally a concluding speech is made, although this does not happen very frequently. At the feast to make arrangements for buying the pigs for the future malanggon rites, the chief made a concluding speech, during

[13] Bananas are buried in the sand on the beach about a week previous to a feast. The resulting banana is very soft and squashy.

5: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1932 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

537 which he walked up and down singing and talking. He gave once more the
574 reason for the feast, said they had now "marked" all the pigs, and then made a few more remarks about the size of the animals and the number of men present.

[285] Finally, each man makes a rude coconut-leaf basket in which he carries
574 home the remains of his food. But before they leave, the men carefully
764 clean the cemetery and throw all debris into the sea, near which the cemetery is always placed. Not a scrap of food nor any other refuse, such as a leaf "plate," remains, the cemetery being left in the same neat condition
[515] that it was in before the feast. This work done, hands are washed in the sea (the sea as a finger bowl is one of its many uses for the native), and then the men drift away singly or in small groups, each carrying his basket with the remains of the food.

Reciprocity Between Moieties

437 This ritual feast, held on all occasions of importance to the individual or
616 to society, is also frequently the time when the principle of reciprocity be-
574 tween both moieties and localities is seen in full play.

At the feminine feasts, such as pregnancy, birth, first menstruation, and marriage, where there is a distribution of food, the women of the Eagle moiety bring taro which is given to the women of the Hawk moiety, and the women of the Hawk moiety likewise bring taro which in turn is given to the women of the Eagle moiety. This exchange is never omitted. The Eagle women bring their taro, prepare it for baking, and then place it in the liga themselves. They do not forget just where their bundles have been placed. Removing them from the liga, they give them to the women of the Hawk moiety, who do likewise to the women of the Eagle moiety. The taro is of course all exactly the same and prepared in the same fashion, so that one gets exactly what one has given. But it is the ritual exchange between the moieties that is important. At some feasts uncooked taro is exchanged. At the feast, when the men eat, this act of reciprocity does not take place among them: the food is opened up in the cemetery and the taro is distributed regardless of moiety.

Reciprocity Between Villages

437 It is the uncooked taro that is most often the object of exchange be-
514 tween the women of different villages at intervillage feasts—usually mor-
621 tuary and malanggon ones. Sometimes the exchange does not always take place at the one feast. The women of Lesu may go to a feast at Ambwa, three miles away, and receive much taro. At a later time the women of Ambwa will come to a similar feast at Lesu and receive taro as a return gift.

5: Powdermaker E-5 (1929-1930) 1932 OM10 New Ireland OM10
Lesu

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At other times the exchange may be effected at the same feast. In the same 574
way, men of Libba will eat at a feast at Lesu, and later the Lesu men will 621
eat at a Libba feast. A feast thus provides the occasion when both individuals and groups pay off their obligations.

Feminine Speeches about Husbands

At the ritual feasts of circumcision, birth, and marriage, another custom 537
is given an opportunity for expression. At these feasts it is customary for 574
the women to make speeches about their husbands, as good or bad food- 543
providers. The food is arranged in two piles, one contributed by the Eagle 626
moiety, and the other by the Hawk. The Eagle women come on the scene together, each brandishing a masculine implement of work—a fishing net, a spade, etc. They circle around the pile of food contributed by the Hawk moiety, each woman in turn holding up a tool and making a speech about her husband. If she carries a net, she talks about his industry in fishing and how he very often brings her fish. Or she may say the opposite,—how lazy he is. Each woman makes her speech, and the "audience," male and female, listens to it with quiet appreciation. There are grins and chuckles during a speech about a lazy man, while he hangs his head in shame. When the women of one moiety have finished, the other women enter and go through the same procedure. The speeches show very clearly how much the man's prestige in his family depends upon his ability as a provider of food. These ritual feasts give the women the opportunity of publicly praising or blaming their husbands and they never let it pass by.

Daily Meals

Feasts are of course not the only time when natives eat. When they get 264
up at sunrise, they will eat a cold baked taro left over from the day before. But this is not a meal. The man will often munch his taro as he strolls about the beach, while the woman will eat her's casually as she tidies the house or collects her implements, baskets, etc. to go to the garden. In the middle of the afternoon, when they have returned from the gardens, if hungry, another cold baked taro will be eaten casually. But after the sun has set there is the family meal. The food for this is sometimes prepared by the wife, or wife and daughter together, and at other times the women of the hamlet may cook communally. The baked food is later taken to each individual household. There, in the open compound in front of the house, each family gathers around the fire and partakes of the common meal. Certainly this meal emphasizes the unity of the family and tends to foster those sentiments which hold the family together—just as the feasts keep alive the sentiments binding larger groups.